

JUNE NIGHTS at the PLAY



SUZANNE CAUBET
in "MIDNIGHT WHIRL"

It is amusing in a way to observe the closing of the playhouses at the first approach of really warm weather. The rapid disappearance of theatrical interest is comparable only to the melting of a cake of ice deposited by a careless custodian in the sunniest spot on the sidewalk. And this follows the invariable preliminary proclamations that New York is at last to see a real season of theatres in summer. In the spring the manager's thoughts lightly turn to the summer months, and summoning the reporters of affairs in the world of Punch and Judy he solemnly prophesies the busiest weeks that the theatres has ever known. Of course the old boys have been hearing this for years. They are, therefore, taken in. But to the young ones it sounds like red hot news.

With the encouragement of an unprecedentedly prosperous year behind them, the entrepreneurs ballyhooed on the topic this spring with more than the usual insistence. Up to a late hour last night it was impossible to learn anything more of their views on the topic. None was willing to comment on the closing of at least seven theatres during the first week of June.

Mimi Aguilera, the most noted foreign celebrity that has remained for so many years on the soil of the United States without becoming in the least assimilated, has at last acted in English. John Cort has taken her under his management, and last week in Pittsburgh she played the heroine in "Bravo, Claudia," written for her by Edith Ellis. It is an episode tale of an opera singer's career founded on a story of Italian life by Gertrude Hall.

Mme. Aguilera, as she is to be called in the future, came through the ordeal with success. She has now spoken six languages on the stage, having acted in Italian, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, French and English. Ever since she played her engagement here at the Broadway Theatre and later at the Criterion without having aroused any enthusiasm on the part of English speaking audiences Mme. Aguilera has been popular among her countrymen. She has never returned to Europe, although she has played in South America and visits the humble Italian theatres all over this country without fame but with considerable financial profit. It is this phase of her employment here that

PLAYS THAT LAST.

Astoria "East Is West"; Bijou, "Love Laughs"; Broadhurst, "39 East"; Casino, "Somebody's Sweetheart"; Cohan & Harris, "The Royal Vagabond"; Comedy, "Toby's Bow"; Cort, "The Better 'Ole"; Criterion, "Three Wise Fools"; Eltinge, "Up in Mabel's Room"; Forty-eighth Street, "I Love You"; Forty-fourth Street, "Take It From Me"; Fulton, "Please Get Married"; Gaiety, "Lightnin'"; Globe, "She's Good Fellow"; Hudson, "Friendly Enemies"; Knickerbocker, "Listen Lester"; Liberty, "Scandals of 1919"; Longacre, "Three Faces East"; Lyceum, "Daddies"; Lyric, "The Lady in Red"; Maxine Elliott, "It's for Three"; New Amsterdam Roof, "Combination Frolic"; Playhouse, "Forever After"; Plymouth, "The Jest"; Republic, "The Woman in Room 13"; Selwyn, "Tumble In"; Shubert, "Good Morning, Judge"; Thirty-ninth Street, "Hamlet"; Vanderbilt, "A Little Journey"; Winter Garden, "Monte Cristo, Jr."

has reconciled her to playing in Italian. She appears in a wide repertoire, including such modern Italian works as "La Figlia de Jorio," "La Cena delle Beffe" and "La Citta Morta." Then she plays the classic repertoire from "Hamlet," in which she acts the title role, to "La Dame aux Camellias," in which she naturally assumes similar importance.

As an instance of her tremendous energy it is told that at one of the rehearsals just before leaving for Pittsburgh the company had been at work from 10 until after 4. There was no cessation. Some of the players slipped out for refreshment, but Mme. Aguilera was not able to slow up for a minute. Finally, when 5 o'clock arrived, she hurriedly brought the rehearsal to an end.

"Excuse me, won't you," she said apologetically to the actors. "But I must stop. I am playing Camille in Brooklyn to-night. The company is almost new and we have to begin to rehearse at 6."

It was in that thorough manner that the Sicilian actress prepared herself for the American stage.

There was a naive incident in the progress of "The Scandals of 1919," the review with the silly name at the Liberty Theatre. When George White, who is a skilful and widely accomplished dancer, made his first appearance in the third scene he carried a paper package under his arm. After the introductory perisage the dancer's companion inquired about his old partner, one Ryan. The dancer began as a partner in White & Ryan.

"Ask me what I have got under my arm," he said. This he repeated and the actor obeyed.

The package turned out to be an enlargement of a photograph of the two boys taken some years ago—probably during the run of "The Echo" at the Globe Theatre. Of course this was less than a decade ago, but it seemed to Mr. White that he was now so important as to make his evolution interesting in the world. So there followed an autobiography illustrated by the dancer and the imitators of the different partners who had appeared with him.

George M. Cohan was the first to make impudence an artistic asset. It was his first professional property. But the public was from the outset interested in him and his work, and beneath the obvious pretence of such "gottien" there was always the intimation of the talents that have carried him so far in his profession. So Mr. White thought he would follow along with some personal revelations to interest his audience. But as nobody but a few habitual attendants at the vaudeville theatres, some booking agents in Longacre Square and the rest of the two a day small fry had ever heard of Mr. White or his dancing history, the scene failed to arouse enthusiasm. It was most interesting possibly in its revelation of the psychology of the public entertainer.

THE HEIGHT OF COMEDY.

If Eleanor Daniels had only grown a bit taller she might have been a tragedienne instead of a comedienne. That is, she would have been if she had been able to have her own way about it. But maybe it is just as well. Miss Daniels is a mighty good comedienne.

Miss Daniels is *Fanny*, the janitress, in "La La Lucille," the new musical farce at Henry Miller's Theatre. It's an eccentric comedy part and in it Miss Daniels scored one of several hits that were made at the Miller last Monday night.

She is a fellow country woman of Lloyd George. That is to say, she is Welsh. Lots of people in this country think she is Scotch because she had such a wonderful dialect when she appeared

as *Magpie*, the positive friend in "Kitty Mackay," and again when she appeared as *Christie Muckelbuck* in "Heart o' the Heather." There is no use in printing the name of the town in which Miss Daniels was born for there are only consonants in it and no one but a Welshman can possibly pronounce it. It sounds all right when she pronounces it herself and she is evidently fond of it—the place, not the name.

Elocution is a Welsh national pastime, and they have competitions and give prizes. Consequently Miss Daniels began to practice the art almost before she was out of the nursery, and there is a tradition in the family that at the age of 5 she could recite "Old Mother Hubbard Went to the Cupboard" in a way to bring tears to the eyes of the hardest Welshman within hearing. Miss Daniels doesn't make any boast of this herself. She does confess, however, that later on she won a lot of prizes for elocution and that she was three times winner in the national competition. This qualified her to compete for the Sir Herbert Tree medal in London. She won that, too, and then she got the leading role in the famous Welsh prize play, "Change," which engagement brought her to America for the first time.

In "La La Lucille" Miss Daniels does an understating act that is very amusing, and she also appears in a comedy suit of pink pajamas. But she doesn't really require any accessories to prove her genuine merit as a comedienne.

KEEPING FRESH IN THE PART.

On the twentieth of May, Jeanne Eagels played the part of Ruth Atkins in David Belasco's production of "Daddies" at the Lyceum Theatre for the three hundredth time. Since there are other plays which have enjoyed equally long runs, and other players who have been seen in the same role hundreds of times there is nothing remarkable in a three hundredth performance, but there is food for thought in the fact that the three hundredth audience at a theatre sees a performance that has lost none of its charm and freshness. In the fact that this serious minded young English girl is a new creation for each new audience lies Miss Eagels constantly increasing popularity. Asked recently how it is possible to achieve a fresh impression for each performance, rather than fall into the pitfall of imitating work already accomplished, Miss Eagels explained that the varying audiences in a theatre are a great help to this accomplishment.

"Audiences mean as much to an actress as the acoustics of a concert hall mean to a musician," she explained. "The musician must vary his playing according to his acoustics, according to the sort of room in which his concert is given. It is much the same with my Ruth Atkins. A sort of sixth sense enables me to discern the character of an audience within a few minutes after I have begun to play, and it is only the people for whom I am making this lovely girl live at that one performance that matter. Former audiences are swept from my thought as though they had never been. As far as the audience of the moment is concerned others have never been. What I have done, or have not done, for them doesn't matter to the folk who have come to see the play to-night. I am so very conscious of this that I am able to play to them as though I were creating the part for the first time."

"I do wrong in speaking of 'playing to an audience,' however," Miss Eagels went on to say. "A true artist never plays to an audience. Rather he or she keeps his or her own vision true, and the creation evolves itself. We will take my sea-sick scene in 'Daddies'



GERTRUDE VANDERBILT
in "LISTEN LESTER"



GRACE FISHER
in "THE ROYAL VAGABOND"
at the COHAN and HARRIS THEATRE

for instance. It is not the result of something which I have carefully studied out, but rather the outcome of a mental condition. The picture of Ruth Atkins as she is described by the author at the end of her voyage from England to America is so vivid a thing in my own mind that her actions are involuntary. I never studied the thought of an actress to her do this, that or the other. Rather I became saturated with the sense of the girl in the given circumstances, and the things she does naturally follow. They evolve themselves out of my mental condition at the time, and vary in just so far as my own mental condition varies.

"Playing is an imaginative art," Miss Eagels explained the matter interestingly. "It is the transmission of the thought of an actress to her public. Therefore this question of keeping fresh in a part after playing it hundreds of times depends upon keeping one's own vision fresh and true and upon having that sixth sense that enables one to feel the character of each new audience. A player would so state in a past very quickly if he or she created that part in the beginning and spent the balance of the time imitating that creation. Such a thing is merely theatrical mechanism and does not deserve the name of art. I dare say I give no two audiences exactly the same Ruth Atkins. In her main essentials she is the same, of course, but the lights and shadows of her vary in just the degree that my mental vision of her varies. When my concept of Ruth scales some fresh height of beauty this better thought of her is transmitted at once to my audience. When my vision gains its breadth there is no conscious effort on my part to give to the people who come to see the play that greater breadth, but just the same it leaps to them across the footlights, and stamps for me a fresh creation. It is for these reasons that I can always answer no to those who ask me if I ever grow tired of a part after I have played it hundreds of times."

THE WEEK'S OFFERINGS.

TO-NIGHT—Manhattan Opera House: The annual public Gamble of the Lambs, the only event which can keep the acting fraternity away from the seashore and clambakes, will take place here. William Collier is collier of the performance, and Shepherd R. H. Burnside is willing to divulge that the seven sketches selected will require the services of over 300 players, all of whom are household words. These skits are "The Farrell Case," by George M. Cohan; "Getting Ready," by George V. Hobart; "Daly Dreams," by Hassard Short; "Nothing But Cuts," by William Collier; "The Living Dead," "Jazz for Cinderella," also by Mr. Short, and "East Is West," set to music, by Silvio Hein.

Among the innumerable stars and leading men on the programme are Frank Bacon, John and Lionel Barrymore, Joseph Santley, Ray Raymond, Sam Ash, Eugene Revere, Robert Higgins, Clarence Norstrom, Edingham Pinto, Charles Ruggles, Charles King, Morgan Coman, Vinton Freedley, Frederick Santley, Donald MacDonald, Walter Catlett, Neal McCay, Edward Aheles, Hugh Cameron, Emmett Corrigan, Herbert Cornhill, Rapsley Holmes, George Nash and Robert Emmett Keane.

MONDAY—Harris Theatre: "Who Did It?" by Stephen Gardner Champlin, the frequent postponement of which has seemed almost as mysterious as the play itself, is again announced for positive production.

TUESDAY—Shubert Theatre: Lew Fields returns to a stricken city in "A Lonely Romeo," with book by Harry B. Smith and Lewis himself, lyrics by Robert B. Smith, and music by Robert Hood Bowers and Malvin M. Franklin. The revue, which is in two acts and five scenes, concerns the father of a family who has dance hydrophobia and grows worse when he meets *Mazie* of the candy shop. In the cast are Frances Cameron, Violette Wilson, Harry Clarke, Octavia Broske, Willie Solar, Jessica Brown, Willie and Nellie St. Clair, the Penn Quartet, Katherine Van Pelt, Eleanor Henry, Herbert Fields, Jeanette Cook and Alan Hale.

influence felt on the drama. I was talking with a deputy police commissioner the other day about having this nuisance eliminated and the evil-doers reduced to a condition of paralysis of the racket. I would have made a penal offense to cut out a muffer near a theatre, and have it considered justifiable for an actor to assault such an offender on the ground of self-defence. We used to have the subway excavation blasts introduced into the atmosphere of our plays. But fortunately quiet reigns in the trenches for the present.

LOUIS MANNERISMS.

LOUIS MANN, at present starring in "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson Theatre, feels that audiences expect strict attention from an actor and the best that is in him, and yet seem often indisposed to reciprocate by courtesy, even to the extent of seizing hold of the proboscis and stifling an insurgent sneeze at the most critical moment of the palpitating drama. "The actor doesn't see why so many theatregoers apparently save up all their coughs and bring them to the theatre."

"Besides an obligation on the part of actors to their auditors, auditors owe an obligation of courtesy to actors," said the player recently—no reader, it wasn't in his dressing room, but in the lobby, within fair view of the box office. "Every actor carries within himself a sensitive violin, and the best way of puncturing that is by a cough—and audiences always seem to seek the best way."

"Why they will cough at a play is a mystery to me, when there are so many other places to hack in. It is an almost infallible means to make an actor fly off from his lines and have convulsions; actors are very quick to respond to a stimulus like that. Sneezing, too, is another way to arouse congestion of thought with an actor, not to mention frenzy—and blowing the nose on a long, sustained note. Why must there be this flourish of trumpets at every performance?"

"People need not give their time and energy to these things during a play. They can be controlled if only the spectator will resort to this kind of orchestration and will realize the extent to which they spoil an actor's evening of pleasure, no matter how stormy the applause may be. That is the only noise an actor likes to hear from an audience. If I could have my way every patron at a house would first have to present at the box office a doctor's certificate that he didn't have any coughs stored away in his system—and then he would be admitted and muzzles would be given away every night as souvenirs."

"Besides the blowing of horns inside the theatre there is the constant tooting of automobile horns outside to drive a performer into a state where he doesn't care whether or not they collect the insurance on him. And when the automobiles aren't bleating by the house with their sirens shrieking they're chugging past with their mufflers cut out and making their

training course that dancers take to keep up with the demands of their work, but disappointment awaits in the case of Olga. Once her daily practice hour is over she lays all thoughts of dancing aside and turns to movie shows, shopping, the women's pages and other feminine follies of a stenographer's life. She never holds herself down to a diet, has no regular sleeping hours, and eats three and four times a day. Of course she has youth—she is only 20 years old—and when the day comes that her dancing legs fail her she will turn her natural comedy instinct to account and start out as a comedienne.

Dwelling on her career, Miss Mishka says there is a rule in vaudeville that a dancing act, no matter how talented, must always open or close the show if a reputation is not established. This accounts, no doubt, for her belated appearance on Broadway, for no one, not even the agents, ever gives much attention to the opening act on a vaudeville programme. Another reason that counted against this team's chances of success was that the vaudeville managers used to say, "Yep, they do a great act, but the public is tired of toe dancing and all that refined stuff."

It is darkest before the dawn. Olga and Mishka were dancing at Adlers Grand Theatre on the East Side when they received word that Arthur Hammerstein wanted to talk to them. Would they like to be the featured dancers in his new musical comedy, "Tumble In"? They would and they are.

WHY does Ann Pennington, the little dancer, recently of the "Follies," who is now in George White's "Scandals of 1919," always wear a rose? Little Miss Pennington, who is lovingly known to her intimates as "Penny," made her first appearance on the stage, as a mere child, in an amateur performance in Philadelphia, produced by a man named Wroe who called the entertainment "Wroe's Buds." This particular little Wroe's Bud made such a hit that she won the consent of her parents to go on the stage when her schooling should be over. So it was up to Ann to study hard, for the harder she studied the sooner she could graduate, and the sooner she graduated the sooner she would attain her heart's desire. So she literally pinned a rose on herself as a constant reminder of her goal, and after attaining that she kept the rose on to remind her of higher and still higher goals. Ann began in a musical comedy and made a hit, eventually replacing Gertrude Vanderbilt who was taken suddenly ill. Before long she was in the "Follies," where her grace, her daintiness, her agility and her splendid pantomime work marked her for immediate recognition.

Miss Pennington's favorite amusement is dancing; her favorite drink, milk; her native town, Wilmington, Del.; her great sacrifice for art, the refusal of a \$52,000 offer for a year's performance after she had set the picture fans wild over her in "Rose Snowflake" and "The Antics of Ann"; her favorite press notice, the one that said she was the "finest and the best dancer on the stage."

GLADYS BUCKLEY — RUSSIAN DANCER.

MME OLGA MISHKA, premier Russian danseuse of the Imperial Opera ballet of Petrograd, or some such title exploited this young dancer over the vaudeville byways before she fell into popularity with "Tumble In" at the Selwyn Theatre. But Arthur Hammerstein, who wouldn't put one over on the dear theatre public for the world—he says so himself—now reveals to an anxious, palpitating public that Olga's real name is Gladys Buckley, and moreover she originated in Flatbush, where Church and Flatbush avenues knew her only a few years ago as a pretty blonde with a weakness for Saturday night dances. Her father, who is now a practising physician, was known to the sporting fraternity a generation ago as a heel and toe walker of championship stamp. Perhaps this ancestry accounts for Miss Mishka's aptitude for dancing.

Her husband and dancing partner to be sure is Russian, with an unappealing surname. His first name is Mishka, and hence the origin of his wife's stage name. They first met five years ago when the male Mishka had given up his engagement with Pavlova to teach society dancing, which was then the rage. Olga, cra-a-azy to dance, and Mishka, head over heels in love, was more than willing to teach her. From the first she took to dancing as naturally as a Bolshevik turns to bombs, and has developed herself under such tutors as Pavlova, Theodore Kosloff and Ivan Tarrasoff. She still takes lessons an hour every day at the latter's school in New York city.

One always likes to read of the rigid

training course that dancers take to keep up with the demands of their work, but disappointment awaits in the case of Olga. Once her daily practice hour is over she lays all thoughts of dancing aside and turns to movie shows, shopping, the women's pages and other feminine follies of a stenographer's life. She never holds herself down to a diet, has no regular sleeping hours, and eats three and four times a day. Of course she has youth—she is only 20 years old—and when the day comes that her dancing legs fail her she will turn her natural comedy instinct to account and start out as a comedienne.

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SUMMER RESORTS.

LUNA — This amusement centre reports the past week showed the biggest business there within the memory of the oldest ballyhoo shouter. "A Night in Pekin," the Chinese spectacle, presents a new illusion, "The Birth of a Pearl," with acknowledgments to an Oriental fairy tale, and yet finds it impossible to drag every one away from the rides, which are said to be stuffed with humanity.

STEEPLECHASE—This park is also congested with pleasure seekers, lured by the fact that prices of tickets to the horses, the ball room, the bathing and the other attractions remain the same and a nickel has just as much drag here as it ever had.

PALISADES—With the roller coasters, whirlygigs, shows and concerts operating under forced draught, Nicholas M. Schenck, manager of this resort, has found time to lift an important part of the Atlantic Ocean to the top of the Jersey cliffs. Patrons may now enjoy sea water surf bathing from 8 A. M. to 9:30 P. M., after which all splashing must cease.